

## something strange in your neighborhood by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Angst, F/M, Fluff, basically the eleven goes out on Halloween au, emo mike, mileven reunion, not that angsty at all just mike bein dramatic and sad in the beginning, okay so like, soft bby will, tbjs is all over the place and prob makes no sense I'm sorry, this is all over the place um

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-16

**Updated:** 2017-11-16

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 14:53:39

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,146

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“It is a little ironic that you chose to be a ghost, since I’m dressed as a Ghostbuster, you know?”

“Who is Ghostbuster?”

or, eleven goes out on halloween after all.

## something strange in your neighborhood

### Author's Note:

hi!! okay so ive seen this idea floating around twitter and I got randomly inspired at 1am and this??? happened

this is my first time writing any of these characters or fic for this fandom so pls be nice :)

comments are appreciated!

Mike was miserable.

The night air was cold on his rosy cheeks as his feet trudged one after the other, the bag of candy he held feeling heavier with each step. A permanent frown was etched onto his face as he watched two of best friends and that *girl* in front of him, laughing too loudly over a dumb joke Lucas made.

Halloween was supposed to be the best night of the year. An excuse to wear whatever ridiculous costume you could come up with and eat all the candy you wanted without getting a lecture about cavities.

It was supposed to be a night of laughter, fun, and spending time with his best friends.

And yet, he still felt like shit.

“Are you okay?” He heard the timid voice of Will beside him, the smaller boy looking up at him in concern as he moved his video camera to the side.

Mike furrowed his eyebrows and shook his head with a huff, his shoulders hunched over. “Did you agree to this? To her?” Both of their eyes moved to the trio ahead of them.

The sudden presence of the red haired skater had irritated Mike from the moment Lucas and Dustin become obsessed with her. Mike had hoped she would want nothing to do with them, and that their party

would stay the way it should be - the four of them.

Eleven, too.

"It's just for Halloween - I thought you'd be okay with it," Will shrugged.

Mike watched as Max laughed and joked with the other two boys, throwing candy at each other and bickering over which house to approach next.

For a brief moment, he had a flash of a moment from a different lifetime - of the same laughter and happiness coming from his friends, but this time a small brunette was between them instead.

He quickly shook the thought away.

"She's ruining the best night of the year," Mike replied, walking ahead of Will.

The group continued going from house to house, Mike becoming increasingly bored and irritated as the night progressed. Between still being annoyed over Lucas' decision to be Venkman when that was *clearly* his role, plus Dustin making that stupid purring noise every five minutes, and Max's presence in general, he was just ready to go home.

Mike slowed to a stop, and the other four turned to see what was the hold up.

"Seriously, Mike, pick up the pace! I wanna make it to Mrs. Burford's before she runs out of those variety packs," Dustin grumbled through a mouth full of chocolate.

Shaking his head, Mike rolled his eyes and started backing away from them.

"I think I'm done for the night. I'm bored and Halloween's stupid." Mike knew he sounded a little dramatic, but he didn't care.

Dustin didn't seem to care, too invested in digging around to see what Max had in her bag that he didn't. Lucas just shrugged and

mumbled a “whatever, suit yourself”, while Will just nodded at him sadly, seeming to understand.

“Do you want me to come with you? So you don’t have to walk back alone?” Will asked quietly, the other three already starting to walk away.

Even if Mike’s night sucked, he didn’t want to ruin it for Will. If any of them deserved to have fun on Halloween, it was him.

“Course not. Go catch up with them, I’ll see you tomorrow,” he replied to the boy, both of them nodding, Will hesitating before he turned and went to catch up with Dustin, Lucas, and Max.

Mike watched the four of them disappear further down the block before he was turning in the opposite direction, sighing as he started the walk back to his home.

Part of him felt like a total jerk for ditching his friends, but at the same time, deep down he knew it simply hurt too much that night. The fact that his friends were replacing *her* so easily, no longer caring that she’s gone.

It had been a year since they last saw her, and Mike had hoped he wouldn’t be the only to not give up on her.

She came into their lives out of nowhere and completely saved them. She was their mage, their link to Will, their unexpected fifth party member - that’s not something you can forget, and certainly not something you can replace with some skater from California.

He wasn’t gonna let this girl erase what was left of El within the group.

He missed her so much it took his breath away.

Trick or treat seemed to be slowly dying down, porch lights being turned off as less people roamed the streets. Mike was only a few houses away from his own when something caught his eye.

There was a person standing at the cul de sac, facing his house and not moving. Their costume was a sheet thrown over themselves and

what looked like two holes cut out for the eyes. *A sheet ghost, that's original*, Mike thought to himself. The person had an empty pillow case clutched in their hands and a pair of beat up sneakers on their feet.

Why the hell were they standing in front of his driveway like that?

Hesitantly, Mike walked up to them, feeling rather annoyed and a little tired. He just wanted to go inside, and didn't really feel like having to deal with some lost kid.

"Uh, I think you're a little late," he said, his bag of candy swinging carelessly at his side as he walked past the person, moving further up his driveway. "My mom stops passing out candy at 8, which was like, fifteen minutes ago. If you go further up the street, I think a few houses are still going at it, though."

He glanced back at the sheet ghost one more time and was a few steps away from his door, his hand reaching for the knob, when a voice made his stomach drop, his feet freeze, and his heart stop - at least, for a second.

"Mike."

His throat suddenly felt dry. His eyes squeezed shut and shook his head, because there's no possible way, no way in hell could that actually be -

"*Mike*," the voice said again, less shaky this time, but still quiet enough that he knew he was the only one who was supposed to hear it.

The last time he heard his name from that voice, the word "goodbye" had came with it.

Slowly, as if scared this was all a dream and he'd be waking up at any moment, Mike turned around and hesitantly moved forward. He could feel his chest beating erratically and his palms starting to sweat, staring at the person standing in front of him.

But it wasn't just any person.

“Eleven?”

As the words left his mouth, the ghost whispered a small “shhh” and moved forwards to meet him, a hand reaching down to grab his own. He would recognize that touch anywhere.

He let out a shaky breath, suddenly overwhelmed by a rush of emotion he had been keeping to himself for the past year. Tugging her hand, he moved to pull her into an embrace, but was stopped by a hand on his chest.

“Not out here. No one can know it’s me. Not safe. Follow me.”

Mike didn’t have to be told twice.

Dumbfounded, Mike followed as Eleven dragged him to a spot in the woods just near the end of the road, hidden by the edge of an unoccupied home for sale. He had so many questions, so many things to ask, to say, to do now that she was here.

Before he could say anything, he watched Eleven move her head from side to side, checking to make sure they were completely alone and away from anyone who might see them in the dark. With that confirmation, she took a deep breath and lifted the sheet from her body.

It didn’t fully hit Mike, the fact that she was there in person, until he saw her without the costume.

She was wearing a long-sleeve shirt, overalls, and a flannel, her curly hair - curly hair, wow - a mess from being under the sheet. She was looking at Mike in absolute awe, the moon like a spotlight on the wetness in her eyes.

Mike brought a hand up to touch her face, his own expression a mixture of shock to awe, to confusion, to relief, to love. Definitely love. She was alive, safe, and healthy from what he could tell. She made it back to him.

“Mike,” she whispered again, her voice trembling.

Without waiting another moment, he crushed Eleven to him, their

bodies meeting in a long awaited embrace as they clung to one another, shaky breaths showing in the cold air. It was awkward due to the proton blaster strapped to himself and his stupid fucking costume, but neither of them cared.

They pulled back with matching expressions, smiling through their tears.

"I knew you were still out there. I've called you every single night, El."

"I know. I heard," she whispered in reply, causing Mike to look at her in confusion. She had heard him?

"You heard? Why - why didn't you tell me? Or let me know that you were okay?"

Eleven looked down sadly, shaking her head to herself. "I - I can't tell you. I'm not even supposed to be here right now, Mike. It's not safe, for any of us. I'm still supposed to be hiding."

Her voice sounded shaky and guilty, and although Mike hated hearing her that way, he was shocked at how easily she was putting together full sentences.

"Hiding from what? We're all safe now, El, remember? Because of *you*. Where - where have you been hiding? And your clothes, your speech? Where have you been?"

Eleven sighed and backed away just a bit, her back hitting a tree as she looked at Mike. "I can't say. I'm sorry. I have to go back, before 9-1-5."

"9:15," Mike corrected her, both of them letting out a sad chuckle. He still had so many questions, but he also realized they didn't have much time until she had to go back, to wherever she's been.

The thought made his stomach turn.

"Whenever you leave - how long until I see you again? I just got you back," His voice broke on the last word, and he cleared his throat to play it off. Eleven caught it, though.

She reached for his hands and held them tightly in her own, looking up at him. "Soon."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

Mike decided that was good enough, for now.

He closed his eyes and sighed as he pressed his forehead against Eleven's, bringing a hand up to touch one of her curls.

"I didn't know your hair was curly," he mumbled with a small laugh, pulling back to look at her fully. "I like it."

Eleven smiled bashfully, looking down at her shoes. "Trick or treat," she said, clearing her throat before looking up and clarifying. "I wanted to trick or treat."

Mike fumbled for his bag of candy that had been dropped to the ground at some point. He took Eleven's empty pillow case and started filling it with candy from his own.

"You can have some of mine," he said softly, glancing up at her. "And - and when you're back for good, if you want, we can go next year, together. I mean - with Dustin, Lucas, and Will, too. We can go to all the good houses and you can match costumes with us! Though you'll have to make sure to keep your candy out of Dustin's reach, he's known for taking stuff that isn't his and claiming it as his own on Halloween, especially if you have any of those little Hershey -"

Mike's rambling was suddenly cut off by a pair of lips against his own, slightly chapped ones. He was frozen in surprise for only a moment before he kissed back gently, pulling away after a few sweet seconds.

Eleven was grinning, and Mike couldn't help but mimic the action.

"Happy Halloween, El."

"Happy Halloween, Mike."

“It is a little ironic that you chose to be a ghost, since I’m dressed as a Ghostbuster, you know?”

“Who is Ghostbuster?”

They spent the rest of the time they had that night sharing candy as Mike filled her in on Ghostbusters and other Halloween traditions, how the boys were doing, stealing small pecks on the cheek or lips whenever they felt like it.

And when Eleven reluctantly put the sheet back on later that night, grabbed her full pillow case of candy and disappeared again, Mike swallowed the anxiety and fear growing in his chest.

Because she was there, he had held her, kissed her, and she was safe. Hiding, but safe, and had promised to return.

*Soon.*